

judicial functions exercised by the
Patriarch, with the
rude dwelling and furnishings, combine to re-
create the
baronial life as it might have been lived in
Pioslin or
Warkworth Castles.

Though I had half-seen Mar Shimun at
Gahgoran, I
was only formally presented after his arrival
here. It is
proper for a woman to cover her head
before him, and
I put on my hat and took off my shoes.
His room
is well paved, the plaster is newly coloured,
and there is
a glazed window with a magnificent
prospect. There
were rugs at one end, on which the Patriarch
was seated,
with two chairs at his left hand. He rose to
receive me,
and, according to custom, I kissed his
hand. He took
my letter of introduction, and put it under a
cushion, as
etiquette demanded, and asked me to be
seated. On the
floor along the walls were bishops, priests,
deacons, Jelu
and Tyari mountaineers, lowlanders from
Tjrmi, and men
of the Shimun family, all most picturesquely
dressed and
smoking long wooden pipes. On each
subsequent occa-
sion, when I paid my respects to him, he was
similarly
surrounded. Mr. Browne acted as
interpreter, but
nothing but very superficial conversation
was possible
when there was the risk that anything said
might be
twisted into dangerous use. Mar Shimun is a
man about
the middle height, with large dark eyes, a
sallow complexion, a grizzled iron-gray beard, and an
expression of
profound melancholy, mingled with a most
painful look

of perplexity and irresolution. He cannot be
over fifty,
but the miseries and intrigues around him
make him
appear prematurely old. When I approached
the subject
of the anarchy of the country he glared
timidly and
fearfully round, and changed the subject,
sending me
a message afterwards that *Qasha*
and Kwaja
Shlimon, a Chaldean educated in Paris, are
in possession
of all that he could tell me, and would speak
for him.